

The Flatlands

Days N' Daze

I swear my eyes are rotting out the back of my head
Jaw's locked open, I'm chained to a mattress
Anxiety is tearin' at the flesh around my quivering limbs
Finger on the trigger and a bullet in the gun
To contemplate the exit's only half of the fun
I'm fucking sick of this body
Let's burn it and start over new

I'm the deafening silence
That trails the bad news
I'm a drunk and a fuck up with nothing to lose
I'm a skeleton covered in scar covered skin
In your closet
Like a car crash that steals all the ones that you love
Or a missile that's whistling lullabies from up above
I've been staring at the television
Trying to envision what your head would look like on a stake

We're all just screaming along
To this broken record still
And I just can't take this anymore
When every days a photocopy of the day before
One day you'll die and all you'll leave behinds a corpse

My lungs are collapsing anxieties cracking
My heart into shards that will lodge in my chest
Breathing but barely I'm fighting I'm gasping
For air now I'm not sure there's any hope left

We're all just screaming along
To this broken record still
And I just can't take this anymore
When every days a photocopy of the day before
One day you'll die and all you'll leave behinds a corpse

Soon the earth the sun and the dark rift will all align
To bring the oceans crashing on to land with rising tide
When there's plague and famine ravaging across the war torn land
Are you still so high and mighty when there's nothing in your hands?

Soon these scars will fade like all the rest
I need your bullshit like a bullet in my chest
All your problems are so trivial of yourself are so full
When the end is growing near
And we're all trading off our souls
If you cower on your knees I'll put a bullet in your skull

We're all just screaming along
To this broken record still
And I just can't take this anymore
When every days a photocopy of the day before
One day you'll die and all you'll leave behinds a corpse